The Doubting Virgins Satisfaction:
OR,
The Maids Anſwer.

She who was poſſeſt with fear,
is now eas'd of her Doubt;
And ſhe her Sweet-heart loves ſo dear,
ſhe can't live him without.

To the Tune of, The Repriev'd Captive; Or, The doubting Virgin.

DEareſt know I do not ſlight thee,
for my Love is firm and true,
My deſire is to delight thee,
I'le be conſtant unto you:
Do not fear me, Love, but hear me,
and believe my conſtancy,
In me put truſt, I will be juſt,
I ſcorn to tell my Love a lye.

Some young men may be deceitful,
but do not blame all for a few,
To be falſe to me is hateful,
you ſhall not finds me untrue:
But I will ſtrive whilſt I'm alive,
to imitate the conſtant dove,
Thou ſhalt find, me ever kind,
to thee my joy and deareſt Love.

It would be to me a wonder,
if that thee and I ſhould part,
And would ſurely break in ſunder,
the tender ſtrings of my poor heart:
But I deſire, to admire,
the radiant beams of thy fair eye;
Which pierce my breaſt, & ſpoyl my reſt,
O grant me Love or elſe I dye.

In my eyes thou art a jewel,
far more precious then pure Gold,
If thou doſt to me prove cruel,
my warm bloo dwillſoon be cold :
Then ſhall I, aſſuredly,
be laid into my ſilent grave,
'Tis you thatcan, preſerve a man,
then kill me not whom you can ſave.

What is in my lines aſſerted,
nothing is but perfect truth,
Never ſhall be contraverted,
may believe a faithful youth :
And if I lye, I wiſh to dye,
then never doubt what I do ſpeak,
For if you do, you'l find it true,
that for your love my heart will break.

The Maids kind Anſwer.

I Would put it to the tryal,
if I thought your Love were pure,
And you would be true and Loyal,
falſeneſs I cannot indure,
But yet indeed my heart doth bleed,
to hear you make ſuch ſad complaint
And now I find, I am inclind,
to love you by a mean conſtraint.

Then what Love you have profeſſed,
and declared unto me,
Be but true 'twill make you bleſſed,
all your life you'l happy be,
But yet my fear, begets a care,
by me cannot well be expreſt,
Be true to me, and thou ſhalt ſee,
I'le take a Lodging in thy breaſt.

And we quickly will be marry'd,
to compleat true Lovers bliſs,
There ſhall nothing be miſcary'd,
come wee'l bind it with a kiſs :
Imbraces then, they chang'd agen,
and more and more both proved kind,
So they at laſt, were linked faſt,
you Lovers all my ditty mind.

You that oft make great pretences,
if you prove not juſt and true,
You will find that great offences,
will imputed be to you :
But you'l be bleſt, and live at reſt,
and when you dye depart in peace,
While ſome that prove, unjuſt in Love,
ſhall meet with pains that never ceaſe.

Then let me in Love adviſe you,
to be conſtant unto death,
For you know death will ſurprize you,
and will ſtop each mortals breath :
Then live and be, from dangers free,
entail a Bleſſing while you may,
Beſure you prove, ſo ſure in Love,
'tmay be your own another day.

FINIS.

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